THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

"UBI LIBERTAS, IBI PATRIA."—Cicero.—"Where liberty dwells, there is my Country."

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POETRY.

THE RAINBOW.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be a token of a covenant between me and the earth."—Gen ix. 13.

Soft falls the mild reviving shower
From summer's changeful skies;
And rain drops bend each trembling flow'r,
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call
A thousand buds to day,
Which, wanting but that balmy fall,
In hidden beauty lay.

E'n now full many a blossom's bell
With fragrance fills the shade;
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,
In brighter tints arrayed.

But mark that arch of varied hue
From heaven to earth is bowed!
Haste! ere it vanish, haste to view
The rainbow in the cloud!

How bright its glory! there behold
The emerald's verdant rays;
The topaz blends its hue of gold
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight
Was given the vision fair;
Gaze on that arch of colored light,
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,
Fast by the Eternal chain'd,
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep,
Awful and unrestrain'd.

It tells that seasons heat and cold,
Fix'd by his sovereign will,
Shall, in their course, bid man behold
Seed time and harvest still.

That still the flower shall deck the field,
When vernal zephyrs blow;
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth, which yet,
Smiles with each charm endow'd,
Bless thou his name whose mercy set
The rainbow in the cloud.

From the New York American.

Hue and Cry after a Lost Damsel.

Hallooi a lovely truant maid is missing from her home,
We watch for her from day to day, and yet she will not come,
'Tis fit we should through all the earth, our grievious loss proclaim,
And publish to remotest lands the truant damsel's name.
Hallooi we must describe the garb in which she was arrayed,
When last she blest'd our longing eyes, that young and blooming maid,
Her robe was of the radient glow to which the clouds give birth,
When gentle showers have fertilized the freshly verdant earth,
The sunbeams wreathed aroune her brow a diadem so bright,
That nature wore a dewy veil to spare the gazer's sight.
Where'er she passed, beneath her feet a thousand flowrets sprang.
And at her voice responsively the birds their matin sang;
The wood dove cooed her plaintive note, the whispering waters played,
The balmy air breathed cheerily, the winter winds were stayed—
Hallooi for Nature's favor'd child how will she bear the shock,
The missing of this lovely maid, the youngest of the flock.
The mother's smiles are quenched in tears, all pale and wan she grieves;
No teeming blossoms deck her brow, half hid in sheltering leaves;
Her beauteous hands no boon dispense of perfume breathing flowers:
A pallid snow-drop, here and there. In sickly beauty cowers—
Hallooi the maid perchance has slept, she cannot leave our land.
We pine without the blessed gift she scatters from her hand;
No promised plenty clothes the earth—the husbandman complains—
His scattered seeds are blasted by the chilly dews and rains.
Where'er we cast our anxious eyes, the earth is brown and bare;
Nor have we felt, through tedious weeks, the balmy, vernal air.
Hallooi—yet stay, we shall not miss that truant maiden long,
Bright Summer comes to fill her place—she comes with mirth and song;
Yet never can our hearts consent—Oh! no, we cannot bring
Our constant hearts to yield for aye that blessed creature Spring.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ARABIAN STEED.

BY T. H. BAILY.

Ada was the daughter of a powerful rajah, who in the reign of the emperor Akbar, dwelt in a superb palace on the banks of the Jumma.

The rajah was proud of his beautiful child, and loved her, as far as his stern nature was susceptible of such a passion. But the duties of his situation and his warlike pursuits called him frequently from her: and much of the darkeyed Hindoo's time was spent in dreary solitude amid the gardens of her father's palace.

Beautiful as those gardens were, sparkling with gilded pavilions, the air cooled with silver fountains, and rendered fragrant by the odours of every rare plant, still this perpetual solitude wearied her, the society of her female attendants failed to interest her, and as she reclined beneath the pendant branches of a date tree, she felt more like a prisoner in a cage, than a princess in the pleasure-garden of her palace.

She had dismissed her attendants, and lay thoughtfully leaning her head upon her hand, when a rustling amid the branches of an orange tree attracted her attention, and she started to her feet in an instant with an exclamation of alarm and surprise, as she distinctly saw among the clustering leaves and blossoms, the bright eyes and dark glowing features of a man.

The branches hastily parted, and a young Mahomedan rushing forward, knelt before her.

"Who art thou!" she exclaimed, "Mercy, mercy, I am defenceless, spare me!"

"Mercy," replied the Moor, "'tis I must crave mercy of you; I am defenceless, fair lady. I am at your feet, and in your power."

'What brought you here?' she replied, "Know you not the danger?'

"A danger I have braved too often to heed it for an instant now."

"Often! What mean you!'

'Daily at this hour, the hour of your solitary ramble I entered these gardens, daily have I lurked behind the shrubs that surround your favorite bower, daily have I gazed on you unseen.

'For what purpose?'

"My purpose! madness—death!'

"Death' to me who never wronged you, who never injured a human being!'

'To you, lady—no, no—not to you—I would not harm you for the world.'

'Why—what brought you here?

'Accident, or perhaps idle curiosity first brought me here; and I looked on you for the first time; need I say why daily, after I had once beheld you, I came again.

'Oh, if you are seen,' cried Ada, "nothing can save you from my father's rage: you know the barrier, the awful impassable barrier that divides your race from mine—madman, begone.!'

The young Moor, whose face and form were such as might have been chosen by a sculptor who wished to represent the perfection of eastern beauty, spoke not, moved not; he continued kneeling before the agitued girl, while his dark brilliant eyes fixed upon her countenance seemed eagerly to read its varying expression, that memory might have a store of sweet thoughts to live upon, when the reality should no longer stand before him.

Ada could not bear the earnest gaze of those fond eyes; where was her anger, her indignation at the intrusion of the stranger!—gone! She called not for her attendants; no, she trembled lest they should come.

'I await my doom,' at length muttered the intruder. 'I scorn to fly; my dream of secret love is over; my stolen watchings, so dear, though so hopeless, are at an end; you will call your father's guards, and I shall die.

"No,'no, you shall not die—not if Ada can save you I will not call them, no, I dread their coming.'

'Then you forgive my boldness?'

'Yes— only begone—save yourself.'

'Shall we meet again?

'Never.

'Then I will stay and die; better to die here, at your; command, in your presence, than to go hence and linger out a life of hopeless love, never beholding you again.'

Poor Ada had never been addressed before in love's own language. Her hand had been sought by princes and nobles, who, secure in her father's sanction, had addressed her in terms of admiration, but whose looks and accents were cold and spiritless, when compared with the ardor of the youthful lover who knelt before her.

'For my sake, if not for your own, go,' she cried.

'Then we may meet again?'

'Yes, only leave me now, you know not half your peril. To-morrow is the annual festival in honor of Vishnu, I shall be there, and will contrive to speak to you—hark!'

She pointed to the orange trees. A footstep was heard at a distance. The moor grasped her hand, pressed it to his lips, and was lost among the orange blossoms just as the chief officer of the rajah entered the bower to inform Ada that her father desired her presence. She cast one anxious glance around her, breathed more freely when she found that her lover lay unsuspected in his fragrant ambush, and followed by her attendant, returned to the palace. There was no festival in Hindostan so splendid as that celebrated annually in honor of Vishnu in the province over which the rajah governed. The gardens on the banks of the Jumma were splendidly decorated for the occasion, and at noon were filled by crowds of persons, all eager in there various situations either to see or to be seen; to pay due reverence to Vishnu, or to be duly reverenced.

Kettle drums sounded, golden armor glistened, downy feathers waved in costly turbans; cavaliers bearing silver battle-axes, rode proudly on their milk white steeds, and princely ladies were borne in glittering palankeens on the backs of elephants.

Ada was there, pale and sad: her stolen mysterious interview with her unknown lover, was so recent, so unexpected, so unlikely to end happily, that she lay on her rose colour cushions, fanned by her favorite slave, without taking the trouble to draw aside the amber curtains of her litter to look upon the festivities which surrounded her.

Towards evening the gardens were illuminated with thousands of many colored lamps; she raised herself and looked around her, but glancing hastily over bright vistas and radiant bowers, her eyes rested on a wide spreading tree beneath whose overshadowing branches a comparatively dark space remained. She there saw the form of her unknown lover; he was leaning against the tree, with his eyes fixed upon her; she told her slave with assumed levity that she had vowed to gather a cluster of the blossoms of that tree, alone to gather them, and desiring her to await her return, she hastened beneath the canopy formed by its boughs.

Selim was indeed there.

'Speak not,' she earnestly whispered, 'I must not stay for an instant. I dare not listen to you—but mark my words, and if you love, me obey them. I do not doubt your love, I do not doubt your constancy, but I shall appear to doubt both when you hear my request.

'Speak, lady, I will obey you,' said the Moor.

'Go,' whispered Ada, 'buy the swiftest of Arabian steeds, ride him across you plain three times every day; in the morning, at noon, and in the evening; and every time you ride him, swim the Jumma on his back.'

'Is that all?' said Selim; 'it shall be done.'

'It is all, replied Ada: to prove your love you will I know readily do it, but to prove your constancy, or rather ensure our safety, it must be done three times every day for the space of one year.'

'A year!'

'Yes, and at the expiration of the year, at this festival on this very day, if neither courage nor constancy have been wanting, meet me again on this spot. I can wait for no reply—bless you, bless you.'

Ada, with a few leaves of the tree in her trembling hand, hastened back to her palankeen, and Selim again, alone, gazed from his shadowy hiding place on the gay festival, in which his eyes beheld one form alone. How brief seems the retrospect of one year! of happiness! How sad, how interminable seems the same space of time in anticipation, when we know that at its close some long looked for bliss will be obtained, some cherished hope realized!

Selim bought a steed, the whitest and the swiftest of the province, and he soon loved it dearly, for it seemed to be a living link connecting him with Ada.

He daily three times traversed the valley, and thrice he forded the deep and foaming river; he saw not his love, he received no token from her; but if his eyes did not deceive him, he occasionally saw a female form on the summit of her father's tower, and a snow white scarf was sometimes waved as he speeded rapidly through the valley.

To Ada the year passed slowly, anxiously; often did she repent of her injunction to the Moor, when the sky was dark and stormy, and when the torrents from the mountains had rendered the Jumma impetuous and dangerous. Then on her knees on the rajah's tower, she would watch for her lover, dreading at one moment lest fear should make him abandon both her and the enterprise, and then praying that he might indeed forsake both, rather than encounter the terrors of that foaming flood! Soon she saw him speeding from the dark forest; he plunged fearlessly into the river: he buffeted with its waves; he gained the opposite shore, again and again she saw him brave the difficulty, again he conquered it, and again it was to be encountered. At length the annual festival arrived, the gardens were adorned with garlands, and resounded with music and gladness; once more, too, Selim stood beneath the shadow of the wide-spreading tree.

He saw crowds assemble, but he heeded them not; he heard the crash of cymbals and the measured beat of the kettle drum. The rajah passed near him, with his officers and armed attendants, and these were followed by a troop of damsels; then came Ada the rajah's daughter. She was no longer the trembling bashful girl he had seen at the last festival. Proudly and self-possessed she walked the queen of the procession, her form glittering with a kingdom's wealth of diamonds. Selim's heart sunk within him.

'She is changed, she will think no more of me!' he involuntarily exclaimed. But at that moment her dark eye glanced towards his hiding place.

She spoke to her attendants, and the procession paused as she approached the tree alone, and affected to gather some of its leaves.

'Are you faithful?' said she, in a low tone; 'nay—I wrong you by the question; I have seen that you are so; if you have courage, as you have constancy, you are mine, and I am yours—hush—where is your steed?'

Selim held its bridle rein.

'Then in your hands I place my happiness,' she added; 'these gems shall be our wealth, and your trust, my trust—away! away!'

Selim in an instant bore Ada to the back of his Arabian, and ere the rajah and his attendants were aware she had quitted the cavalcade—swift as the wind he bore her from the gardens.

The pursuit was instantaneous, and uttering curses and indignant reproaches, the rajah and a hundred of his armed followers were soon close at the heels of the fugitives.

'Follow! follow!' cried the foremost, 'we gain upon them, we will tear her from the grasp of the Mahommedan. They approach the river's bank! and turbulent as it now is, after the storm of yesterday, they will either perish in its waters, or we shall seize them on its brink."

Still they gained upon them: the space between the pursuers and the pursued became smaller and smaller, and the re-capture of Ada seemed certain. When, lo! to the astonishment of those who followed him, Selim's well trained steed plunged into the foaming torrent, battled bravely with its waves, bore his burthen safely through them, and bounding up the opposite bank, continued his flight.

The pursuers stood baffled on the river's bank; their horses having been trained to no such feat as that they had just witnessed, it would have been madness to have plunged amid the eddying whirlpools of the swollen Jumma.

Every tale should have its moral. What then will be said of mine, which records the triumph of a disobedient child in a secret, unauthorized attachment! A temporary triumph which so rarely leads to happiness! For this part of my story I have no apology to offer; but from the little history of Selim and Ada, this small grain of moral inference may be extracted. Ladies will do well to try the integrity and prove the constancy of their lovers ere they marry; and lovers should endure trials and delays with fortitude, and thus prove the unchanging truth of their affections.

Character of Washington.

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of Newton, Bacon or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence it was the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best: and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely, against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible. I have never known any motives of interest, or consanguinity, or friendship, or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was tremendouous in his wrath. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportionate to it. His person you know was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect and noble; the best horseman of his age; and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horse-back. Although, in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words.

In public, when called upon for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect: in nothing bad, in few points different; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make great a man, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny of leading the armies of his country successfully through the birth of a government now in its forms and principles, until it had settled down in a quiet and orderly train, and of scrupulously obeying the laws thro' the whole course of its career, civil and military, of which the world's history furnishes no other example.

Labor.

The world dishonors its workmen, stones its prophets, crucifies its Saviours, but bows its neck before wealth, however won, and shouts till the welkin rings again, LONG LIVE VIOLENCE AND FRAUD.

The world has always been partial to its oppressors. Many men fancy themselves an ornament to the world whose presence in it is a disgrace and a burthen to the ground they stand on. The man who does nothing for the race, but sits at his ease, and fares dantily, because wealth has fallen into his hands, is a burthen to the world. He may be a polished gentleman, a scholar the master of elegant accomplishments, but so long as he takes no pains to work for a man, with his head or hands, what claim has he to respect or subsistance? The rough handed woman, who with a salt fish and a basket of vegetables provides substantial food for a dozen working men, and washes their apparel, and makes them comfortable and happy, is a blessing to the land, though she have no education, while this fop with his culture and wealth is a curse. She does her duty so far as she sees it, and so deserves the thanks of man. But every oyster or berry that fop has eaten, has, performed its duty better than he. "It was made to support human nature, and it has done so,' while he is but a consumer of food and clothing, That public opinion tolerates such men is no small marvel.

The productive classes of the world are those who bless it by their work or their thought. He who invents a machine, does no less service than he who toils all day with his hands. Thus the inventors of the plough, the loom, and the ship, were deservedly placed among those whose society was honor. But they also, who teach men moral and religious truth, who give them dominion over the world: instruct them to think; to live together in peace, to love one another, and pass good lives enlightened by wisdom, charmed by Goodness, and enchanted by Religion; they who build up a loftier population, making man more manly, are the greatest benefactors of the world. They speak to the deepest wants of the soul, and give men the water of life and the true bread of Heaven. They are loaded with contumely in their life, and come to a violent end. But their influence passes like morning from land to land, and village and city grow glad in their light That is a poor economy, common as it is, which overlooks these men. It is a very vulgar mind, that would rather Paul had continued a tent-maker, and Jesus a carpenter,

Now the remedy for the hard service that is laid upon the human race consists partly in lessening the number of unproductive classes, and increasing the workers and thinkers, as well as giving up the work of Ostentation and folly and Sin. It has been asserted on high authority, that if all men and women capable of work would toil diligently but two hours out of twenty-four the work of the world would be done, and all be as comfortably fed and clothed, as well educated and housed, and provided for in general, as they now are, even admitting they all went to sleep the other twenty-two hours of the day and night. If this were done we should hear nothing of sedantary and sick men. Exercise for the sake of health would be heard of no more. One class would not be crushed, by hard work, nor another oppressed by indolence, and condemned in order to resist the just vengeance nature takes on them, to consume nauseous drugs, and resort to artificial and hateful methods to preserve a life that is not worth keeping, because it is useless and ignominious. Now men may work at least three or four times this necessary amount each day, and yet find their labor a pastime, a dignity and a blessing, and find likewise abundant time for study, for social intercourse, and recreation. Then if a man's calling were to think and write, he would not injure the world by excessive devotion to his favorite pursuit, for the general burthen would still be slight.—Dial for April.

AGATHA LANZI.

When I was at Florence, I do not care to mention how many years ago, I was one day lounging in the gallery, thinking how vastly different the Medican Venus was from my *beau ideal* of female beauty; when, in one of the less frequented rooms, and in a situation not eminently conspicious, my eye chanced to light upon a picture, which at once rivetted its gaze, and on which it—I may say—feasted for several weeks afterwards. It was a half-length, and consisted of a single figure—the portrait of a young lady of 19. She was dressed in a low gown of puce-colored velvet without lace or tucker of any kind intervening between it and the skin of clear, pearl-like whiteness, against which it appeared in strong and remarkable relief. In the centre, however, the bodice, according to the mode of the period, seemed in some degree to rise, so as just to give to view a small portion of very delicate lace, yet not in sufficient quantity to fall over upon the velvet. Immediately below this a diamond ornament was placed, which was matched by two others that formed the loops to the short sleevess, from beneath which appeared arms of a symmetry and whiteness it would be idle to attempt to paint with only description for my pencil. Their fine rounded fulness in the upper part; their delicate graduation to the wrists, and the beautiful hands which terminated them, were, indeed, among the most conspicious parts of the picture; inasmuch as the person represented was in the act of drawing a golden bodkin, headed with diamonds, from her hair, which was falling in profusion over her shoulders. In her right hand she held the bodkin, whilst her left was employed in throwing back from her face the hair which in falling had crowded to cover it. The colour of the hair, & general complexion of the face, were by no means Italian; though from the name of the person painted and the painter; I concluded that the former must have been so. The catalogue gave it as *Ritratto'* Agatha Lanzi; and added, as the name of the painter, that of one of the immediate successors of Titian.

I was so struck with this enchanting picture that I believe upwards of an hour elapsed, before I moved from before it. Day after day I used to repair to the gallery, and passing by every thing else without pausing, was accustomed to seat myself directly opposite to it sometimes for hours.

[The traveller finds his admiration warmly sympathized in by a young painter, who visits the gallery apparently with the purpose of copying the face, but who keeps his picture carefully concealed. The picture was the subject of frequent conversations between the two, and when the artist had completed his work, he sent the traveller an invitation to come and see it.]

I availed myself of his invitation, and found him to be a man of considerable information and accomplishment, as it respected matters entirely unconnected with his art. He possessed, in reality a large portion of that enthusiasm and poetry of feeling to which so many of his brethern affect to lay claim. He had some literary cultivation, and strong literary tastes. After we had breakfasted, he took me into his painting room. The picture, which was the object of my intense curiosity, was leaning on the easel. It represented the interior of a bed-chamber, richly furnished after the fashion of the sixteenth century. The lamp burned upon a side-table, and shed a strong light upon the bed. Upon it lay a man young and well-looking, asleep. Agatha Lanzi was near it also; she knelt upon it with one knee; her arm was upraised with the long gold diamond-headed bodkin, which I easily recognized in her hand, as if about to pierce the sleeper to the heart. The artist had taken great pains with the female figure, and had succeeded far beyond my expectations. Agatha was represented in a loose night-dress of plain white; her beautiful hair streamed down her back, confined only with a riband between the shoulders. Her foot, as she knelt upon the bed, was naked; the slipper which had covered it having fallen to the ground. The position of the uplifted arm had caused the sleeves of the night-dress to fall upwards, and displayed the exquisite arm considerably above the elbow. From the other shoulder the dress had also slipped. In this and the beautiful bosom, with its pale blue veins branching across the white and delicate skin, the artist had been particulary successful. The lips were compressed, as if with a strong mental effort of resolution; and also as if to hold the breath lest it should fall upon the ear of the sleeper and awaken him. Her dark blue eye was fired with a melancholy expression of caution, sternness, and even ferocity, upon the object about to become her victim. How different from the fine joyous smile of girlish consciousness of beauty so remarkable in the other picture; and yet no great lapse of time could be supposed to have intervened. The figure before me was in the fulness of beauty—probably about twenty-three years of age—certainly not more! So soon initiated into all the sorrow, and storm and temtestious passions of human life,—into the deepest and blackest crimes!

I turned to my friend, the painter, for his explanation.

'I can give you the best,' said he. 'Agatha's own account of her own conduct at the crisis which I have attempted to represent. The subject of the picture is indeed, taken from her confession, which has been printed in a collection of similar pieces.—It chanced not long ago to fall under my observation, and as I recognized the name, it gave me the first idea of this picture. I have modernized the Italian for you—for, both in spelling and phraseology, the original would, in all probability, have proved not very intelligible to a foreigner.' Having thus spoken, the painter handed me a manuscript, of which the following is a translation.

'*Convent of*——, 1535.

'My friends have often wondered why, when after many crosses and disappointments, I was at length united to the chosen lover of my youth and heart, we should, at the end of one short year, have seperated—he to go to the wars, and I to bury myself in this convent: I therefore write this, that, after my death, they may know the real truth concerning these mysterious passages, and that those who may be tempted, like me, may hereby take warning from my fate.

'Above all things, it has been bitter to my soul, that, whilst I bore the guilt of the blackest crimes upon my conscience, I should have received the praises of the world, as a dutiful daughter, and a virtuous and devoted wife. It has been the horror of the shame that must have attended the acknowledgment of how vile and guilty a thing was thus cherished and caressed, that has hitherto restrained the confession which, has so often trembled on my lips, and struggled for life and utterance.

'It is well known to all who are acquainted with me, that in my early youth I received the vows of Laurentio Gonsalvi; and that my heart acknowledged the influence of his passion; that our love was permitted until the accursed blight of avarice fell upon my parents' hearts, and led them to wrench asunder those ties which no human power could otherwise have unloosed, and to rivet with fetters upon me a chain which nothing but fetters could have held. This is the only palliation I have to offer for the awful crime I have perpetrated; and in the degree in which it lightens the load of guilt from me, it